## LANSING AMAZED

At the Case of Mr. and Mrs. Horton Their Friends Lost in Wonderment.

Our representative called on Mr. A. Horton, or Andy Borton as he is familiarly called, at Mo. I Engine House, and the story he gives of the experience of his wife and himself is one of intense interest. Many a fellow-citizen of Lansing is congratulating both Mr. Horton and his wife. He told the circumstances as follows:

of intense interest. Many a fellow-citizen of Lansing is congratulating both Mr. Horton and his wife. He told the circumstances as follows:

"I feel that anything I could do in the interest of Doan's Kidney Pills would be little indeed in comparison with what they have Jone for me. My wife has had as a result of a severeatlack of the grip what the physicians who attended her pronounced Rheumatism of the Heart, and during the last two years the base been almost totally helpless. No less than seven different doctors have treated her without doing her any apparent good whatever, some of them gave her up to die, and a few mouths ago I just about gave her up myself. The told what she has taken would hardy be believed, and nothing seemed to stay the disease. Sile got so weak I had to lift her ap in the bed and she could only spenic above a whisper. I rend about Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at the drug store of Gardner & Robertson. She took the box and said she must line more, as the urine did not scald as before, and the pain in the back and lungs was gone, so I got them and she has now taken six boxes, and the result of their use has filled us all with joy. In two weeks from the first dose she was upandaround. I could hardly believe my eyes. Her spirits have returned and she is actually doing her own housework, which she has been mable to do for a year and a half. But our experience does not stop here. I must teil you about myself. About a year and a half ago I strained myself from heavy lifting, and have since been troubled with kidney disorders. My symptoms were those of diabetes. I was compelied to pass urine from sixteen to twenty times a day, and it caused me to lose my rest at night as well. I suffered very much from a pain across my back, which affected me whether sitting or standing. I did not improve, although I tried everything. When my wife began with Doan's Kidney Pills, Laiso started taking them. I have used five boxes and I am also entirely cured; urination is natural, back all right, and I am onc

Announcements for School Year 1896-7

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve it for future use.

AATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1906. Special, Owosso, October 15th and 10th, 1896. Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897. Special, Owosso, June 17th and 17th, 1897. All examinations will begin at 8:30 a.m., standard time

All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m., standard time
Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day: grammar, physiology and reading the second gair day: arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day: grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second half day arithmetic history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and ortography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUINEMENTS.

For third grades an average of seventy is required, with not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an agerage of seventy-five is required with not less than seventy in any branch.

Applicants shall use legal can paper and

here is required with not less than eighty in any branch.

Applicants shall use legal cup paper and write with pen and ink.

Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all branches. Applicants for third grades who fail in part of the branches must re-write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured. Persons who wish to teach must attend an examination.

O. L. BRISTOL, Commissioner.

J. A. CHON, Examiner.

J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

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RESIDENCE, 409 SAGINAW ST., Office, 211 N. Washington St.

OVER PARKILL & SON'S DRUG STORE

DR. L. E. PHELPS. OFFICE: 114 N. Washington St. OFFICE Hours: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to

3 p. m. RESIDENCE: 656 N. Washington St. Special Attention given Chronic Diseases

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siness Chances, Conveyancing, Fire Insur-ance, Money to Loan, Notaries Public. UP STAIRS > 106 West Exchange St. OWOSSO, MICH.

R. ANNIS H. GOODING, Homospathic Residence and office, Williams St., (Com & Block), Owosso, Mich. Office hours—3 to m. and to 8 p. m. Calls promptly respond o. Special attention given to Obstetrics Diseases of Women and Children.



Bob McGregor. (Continued from page 1.)

window overhead Ca'line singing her flock asleep with:

"Birdeye lady, sooner in de mornin! Birdeye lady, sooner in de mornin! Birdeye lady, don't you try ter stop me! I'm gwine crway when 'tis sun up in de mornin!"

The sound became blurred, like the light. In vain the listener tried to rise. Her feet were leaden, her hands weigh ed so she had no motion in them, yet there were fine twitches flying momently through and through them. With a last glimmer of consciousness she clinched them upon the chair arms and tried to lift herself to a standing posture. Cold sweat ran from her face, but there was fire in each vein. Blind, stifled, deathly faint, she could only propel herself far enough from her seat to fall a gasping, twitching heap upon the floor

Aunt Phemy hobbled off muttering under her breath. As she passed through the trim, green painted gate in the white fence she half turned and looked back at the woman she had left. She even halted as though she would go back, but after a second shook her head and hobbled on, muttering more vigorously than ever. "Wait, Phemy," said half aloud as she came near the store. "Don't you go bulgin in dar. Mabby you ain't wanted. Time fer you ter go in when dem whut is in comes out.

With that she moved to seat herself upon a remnant log of the wood pile some five feet from the door. But before she was down she caught a sound that drew her irresistibly to the small window around the corner. It was open as to sash, but had thick wooden shutters, now tightly barred. A minute Aunt Phemy listened beneath it, then gave a smothered snort and hobbled back to the door, outside which she stopped to say to herself: "Knock, Phemy. Ef dee kills you fer it, you better had find out of dat ole Miss Annis er her ghost in dar talkin wid Ben Topmark.

Then she gave a thundering rap. When the door was set cantiously ajar, she thrust her foot within and pushed it wide, saying, with a sniff:

"Tain't des nobody but me, Teddy Barton. You needn't ter be 'fraid. Why, de lawsy, Marse Ben! How come you yere in de sto' dis time er night?" "Oh, that you, Aunt Phemy? Come in." Mr. Topmark said, stepping back

VAN R. POND, Attorney & Counsellor,

General law and chancery

practice in all courts. Over M. L. Stewart & Co's Bank

DR. EDGERTON T. WILSON

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE-Room 7 Keeler Block.

RESIDENCE-522 River Street.

OWOSSO, MICH. DR. C. MCCORMICK

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Office and Residence No. 200 East Exchange St OWOSSO. - MICH

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIA-WASSER, 88, In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner,

In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.

Notice is hereby given. That in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned, as guardian of the estate of said minor, by the Hon. Matthew Bush. Judge of Probate in and for said County, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1897, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the postoffice in Burton in said County. on Saturday the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1897, at ien o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all the right, title and interest of said minor in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the township of Fairfield, County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, to wit: An undivided one-fifth interest in the ne free k of n w frac 14 of sec 3, except 90 rods in n e corner; also the c15 of sec 3, except 90 rods in n e corner; also the c15 of sec 5 of n w fri k see 3, and the west 19 acres of the ne k of said sec 3, all in town 8, north range I cast.

William C. Stiff.

Guardian of the estate of said minor.

Dated Peb. Sth. A. D. 1897.

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### MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route." SAGINAW DIVISION.

OWOSSO TIME CARD. TRAINS SOUTH.

Chicago Express leaves 8:67 a. m., arrives in Jackson 10:16 a. m., Chicago 4:30 p. m. Chicago Express, daily, leaves 8:30, p. m. arrives in Jackson 10:45 p. m., Chicago 6:00 a. m. Through Sleeper (Bay City to Chicago). TRAINS NORTH

Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., afrives at Bay City 11:10 a. m. Sleeper, Chicago to Bay

City.

Marquette Express leaves Owesso 7:15 p. m.,

Brrives at Bay City 9:20 p. m.

Owesso accommodation leaves Jackson 10:50
a. m., arrives Owesso 1:00 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

Owesso Accomedation leaves Owesso at 1:45
p. m., arrives in Jackson at 3:50 p. m.

J. B. Glasgow, Agent, Owesso
W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

There was a souttling or feet behind him. Two figures moved to the store front, which lay almost in darkess. But Aunt Phemy had seen enough -a beak nose nearly meeting a sharp chin, a pair of beady eyes and a thatch of coarse gray hair surmounting a tall figure that were a woman's garb, albeit there was nothing womanly in the face. She had seen, too, a handsome, sullen girl, black browed, red lipped, tall and voluptuously rounded, moving at the old woman's elbow and evidently trying to keep in her shadow. But there was no hint of such seeing in her face as she made known her wants, nor did she more than check her hobble, when, upon passing outside into the big road,

she saw, further, a lank, bullet headed fellow sitting a horse as lank as himself

and holding the reins of two others

which wore sidesaddles. But when the outer dusk had swallowed her so far that she could move unobserved by the man, who was evidently on guard, she put down her stick and parcel, took off her white turban, muffled herself by flinging her black skirt over her head and crept noiselessly back to stand beneath the window, listening, listening, to the talk within,

She caught only fragments. Most times the voices were too low. But now and again they were raised as in anger or exultation. The girl said little. The old woman was indeed the chief speaker throughout the conclave. "Yes, I do want all that belongs ter me, an mo'-ef I kin git it," the black woman heard her say clearly. She heard, too, a sniff from Mr. Topmark, though she could not catch his answer. Then the girl said in the slow, drawling speech that is the characteristic of the poor whites:

"O-oo! Shurks, Aun' Nan! Jest ask that thar ma-an ef he'll pay money, as we kin tote erway. Gord kno-ows I don't want no land. I ain't fit ter wu-urk it, an you know 'Noch woon't wu-urk nothin"—
"No! You oughter not work; that's a

fac', Miss-Miss''-

'Magnolver Tubbs! I said her name out plain." the old woman interrupted as Mr. Topmark hesitated. Aunt Phemy started a little at the words and muttered under her breath: "Huh! Dat gal kin er yourn, den. You wus Tubbs yourse'f. An you br'er Bill he took an married one er dem gals er ole man Pickins', an all dee went off ter de free Wonner how come she yere? states. 'Tain't fer no good, I'm bound. Wish dee'd talk up lond some mo'. I like ter fine out what meanness Ben Topmark is up ter now, right at de las'.

Then a shiver ran over her. Her teeth even chattered a bit. She muffled herself closer and slipped away, noiseless as a shadow, unseen as a spirit of the

Inside the talk was now carried on in whispers. The man with the horses yawned, nodded, swore, then settled himself well forward in the saddle and slept comfortably, with long drawn, resonnding snores

It was 11 o'clock and a white moon high in heaven before he was disturbed. The women came around the house, with Mr. Topmark in their wake. Mrs.



Aunt Phemy listened beneath it. Annis stepped upon the porch without

help, but as Magnolia set foot upon it Mr. Topmark caught both her plump arms and gave her an upward impulse, grinning as he did it. The girl turned and gave him a slow, comprehending stare, but slid a little away from him toward the slouching sleeper.

"Wake up, 'Noch, else the ba-a-ars'll come an git you," she said, shaking him roughly. Before he was well awake she had mounted and was galloping away. There was a long, open level just after the road crossed the creek. For all its moonlit distance the storekeeper's eyes followed the girl. To himself he was saying: "She's er handful, ef I mistake not, an er beauty certain an shore. The whole thing is mighty temptin, but thar's risks, too, an Ben Topmark ain't the man not ter look before he leaps." CHAPTER II.
"Dyin! De good Lo'd Ermighty! Mist"

Barton, you ain't tellin me dat fer trufe erbout po' Miss Louizy Topmark!" Luce Allen, the black gossip and market woman of Walnut Creek, said next morning, soon after sunrise, upon the

porch of the store. Teddy stood frouzy, but alert, behind the counter, his eyes red and heavy, his whole frame tremulous with the news he had to tell. Early as it was, there were three other customers within hearing. To them more than to Luce herself he said, nodding between each two words by way of em-

"Yes. The doctor, he's done said he cain't do nothin fer her. She must er

had er fit; was well as anybody las' night, but when ole Mr. Topmark went up thar ter the house he finds her all of er heap an speechless, jest bar'ly breathin. Of co'se he sent fer the doctor. I went after 'im myse'f-had jest got home, you see, an Topmark says ter me, he did, 'Fetch the doctor in time, Teddy, of it kills your horse an hisn, an I knowed be meant it too."

"Is dee sent fer Miss Sairey an Miss Alice?" Luce demanded. Again Teddy

nodded. "You bet they're thar, sarge ! as life." he said; then, with a sudden snigger, "I oughter not say it at sech er time, but Joe's dead of it don't console Mrs. Winfold er heap fer her grief ter know that now she can see all that's inside Louizy's bureau drawers."

"S-h-h! Here comes Miss Alice," one of the white customers said as Luce smothered a giggle. The store's back door stood wide, and through it he had seen Mr. Topmark's niece, the daughter of his widowed sister, walking across the grass, with her handkerchief to her eyes. She was a plump, pale girl, with big, appealing eyes, who had no claim to beauty, though she was never less than good looking. She had soft, fine hair, thick and of a pale flax-en brown. The eye color matched it exactly, and there was a tone of the same upcoloredness in the thick, smooth skin. Her hands were soft and small, but had fingers that forgot to taper. If her figure was full of soft curves, it lacked the grace of pliant motion.

Everybody liked her, she was so neat and smooth and had such a way of stroking you right. Her mother, Mrs. Winfold, had a tongue and temper of her own, but her daughter was the cream of amiability. As such she was first in the neighborhood's heart, especially the feminine and elderly masculine part of it. So there was respectful sympathy in all eyes when she said between sobs:

"She's-gone! Poor, poor, dear, good Aunt Louizy! Oh, what shall we-dowithout her? Oh, Mr. Barton-I can hardly-think-but-Uncle Ben sayswill you please send for-Colonel Talbot? Somebody must-see after things -and poor uncle is so heartbroken"-

'I'll send right off," Teddy began briskly, though there was a choke in his throat. Glancing up the road, he hurried on: "Oh, no need ter send. Thar's Jack now, an he'll do better'n the colo-

"It was so kind of him to come." Miss Winfold said, wiping her eyes. There was a gleam of satisfaction at the bottom of them. Perhaps that was why she held them decorously downcast, while a tall, slim young fellow crossed the porch, hastily clasped her hand and said huskily:

"I see it is true-the ill news we heard. Father bade me come at once. Tell me, please, is there anything weor anybody can do for poor Mr. Topmark

"You can do everything," Miss Winfold said, her sobs breaking out afresh. "Do come to the house and see poor uncle. Oh, it is so terrible! To think only yesterday poor Aunt Louizy"-

Jack's eyes grew dim. He came of a strain too brave not to be tender. His father, Colonel Talbot of Luray plantation, the rich man of Walnut Creek before the war, had come home from the fighting with only life and honor. As bravely as he had fought he tried to face the new conditions, but for that he had not strength. Debt had piled on debt. He must have been swamped but for his son Jack, who gave over all thought of college and at 17 took upon himself the management of affairs. That was eight years back. Now Luray was full of prosperous thrift, very nearly the model place it had been under the

old regime. It lay upland from Topmark's and adjacent to it. Mrs. Winfold's little farm, which her brother managed along with his own, sat snugly in the angle of the two wider holdings. The Winfolds were indeed the nearest women neighbors of Mrs. Talbot, a gentle, narrow, motherly woman, good and sweet to the core, yet full of small, spiny, social prejudices. They were not those of caste, else she would never have tolerated the Winfolds. Old Mr. Topmark had been an overseer until, after the fashion of his sort, he invested his savings in negroes and set up for himself. He made a hard, driving master, and even after the loss of his slaves had a pretty penny in hand when he came to But the late unlamented Winfold made a holiday job of spending his wife's share of it. Then he had the good taste to die and leave his wife and two

daughters to Mr. Topmark's care. Very excellent care it was. The most captions admitted so much. In fact, this care for his helpless kinfolk covered, with Mrs. Talbot and her like, a multitude of commercial sins. It was unlikely, they thought and said, that Benjamin Topmark would so look out for people completely at his mercy if he were the hard, griping, unscrupulous man common report made him out to be.

Mrs. Winfold herself so incessantly voiced her gratitude and thanks for all her mercies that even her near friends could not help but laugh over big Matt Taylor's saying:

"When Mrs. Winfold says her pra'ers, why, the Lord he ain't nowher's at all compa-ared ter her brother."

Walnut creek, you see, ran through a middle Tennessee county where at the era of this chronicle the old social order was breaking and the new was not yet firmly established. For the most part its indwellers came of Virginia or Carolina stock, and among the uppermost of them there was a potent belief in blood and breeding. There was, too, the fine courtesy evolved by the old conditions, a sort of obligation of nobility to be kindly considerate of those less well placed in life. Innocent herself of social wiles as she was free of social guile, it never occurred to Mrs. Talbot that any ulterior purpose lay back of Mrs. Winfold's words or actions, not even when

that lady said, as she so often did: "Poor Alice! Ef only she did have a brother ter take her about ter places! I can't go ter parties an things, an even

ef I could you know it wouldn't look well with no man along. Brother is jest as good as gold, but he has got so much on his hands of co'se we don't expect it of him. But nobody cain't be young but once. Really, Mrs. Talbot, I don't envy nobody, least of all you, but it is right hard that here you have got four boys an I none at all."

"Ab, but I have no girl, and Alice

makes up for a great many boys, not counting little Nina." Mrs. Talbot psu-

## The Evening News,

"THE GREAT DAILY OF MICHIGAN,"

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AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

## The Evening News, Detroit.

neighborhood merrymaking she set her gentle wits to work so successfully that Miss Winfold appeared at it under her own chaperonage and with Jack's escort. Thus people had got so in the way of seeing the two together it was regarded as settled that they would make a match as soon as the Talbot debts were paid to the last cent. Jack would not need to wait for making a home when there was the Winfold place aching for a master.

\$1.25 for 3 months (by mail).

Everybody, almost, agreed that it would be a mighty fine thing. Jack was easily the best chance, as Alice was the finest girl in the countryside. They seemed made for each other indeed, and then the properties fitted so well. But here or there a dissident shook the head and looked wise.

"Alice Winfold—yes, she is a fine girl," they said. "The fellow that gets her'll be lucky, but his name won't be Jack Talbot. You may depend it won't, not by a jugful, unless, that is, somebody comes along to carry off that wild girl, Rob McGregor.'

So there was a craning of necks upon the store porch when a slim creature, sitting as light as thistle down, came galloping along the creek way and halted at the big front gate which led into the Topmark lawn. The girl wore a clean waist of faded print, a rusty black riding skirt and a big rough straw hat. Her hands were bare and tanned a berry brown. So was her lower face, yet the tan but served to accent its vivid charm of searlet lips and dark, liquid

eyes and mobile witchery of elfin smiles. Bending lithely from the saddle, she unlatched the gate, drew it open and wheeled her horse through it, closing it softly after her. One of the men on the porch had stepped forward, but she waved him back with a smiling nod. The smile died as she set her horse toward the house. Her face grew gravely sympathetic. She checked her mare to a wlow amble, and at the smart green gate slipped noiselessly down and made her way to the piazza

As she set foot on it Jack Talbot came through the hall door, his face shaken, his eyes so blurred and misty the snnshine was dim to him. But he knew the girl at the threshold and caught her hand in a warm clasp, saying a little unsteadily:

"I am glad you have come, Rob, though none of us can do any more than to show respect and sympathy."

"Oh, Mrs. Topmark cannot be dead. Why, only yesterday I saw her-with so well and happy," Rob said, her voice, too, breaking from its soft, vibrant cadence, the quick color paling in her clive cheeks. She was as dark as Jack was golden fair, and, though she was more than common tall among womankind, he stood a good head

"Oh, howdy, Rob? So good of you to come. But-but how did you hear ofof our gr-ca-at t-t-troub-le?" Mrs. Winfold said, darting out upon the perch, with Annie in her arms. "Bad news always travels fast," she went on. "Oh, do all you, our frien's, pray fer us! Ef you don't, an the Lord don't hear, I know it'll kill brother-yes, jest kill him-losin that sweet, dear woman, without no warnin at all."

She was a shrunken woman, with a flattish, commonplace face and a voice that had a rasping tang, though now she tried to make it subdued and full of grief. Her eyes were deep set, sharp and restless. In spite of grief and worry they took equal note of the fact that Jack had held Rob's hand much longer than courtesy required, and that Rob, the reprehensible, now out of her rusty riding skirt, had on a calico frock bought from the store full two years back. Evidently she had come to them just as the ill news found her. She was so different from dear Alice, who in the face of calamity had the forethought to make herself neatly smart in ruffled pink lawn.

"Mammy Liza told me. Aunt Phemy brought her word," Rob said simply. "And pappy bade me come at once. Ever since his own trouble, you know, his first thought is to try and help"-

"Yes, I know-but nothin-cain't be done," Mrs. Winfold said, with a gush of ready tears. Her emotions lay shallow. She could cry almost when she had the mind. But neither of her companions suspected that; their own eyes sympathetically overflowed. Withont a word Jack strode away, mounted and galloped off. Rob stood breathing hard and wishing berself well at home. Before she could put the wish in action Alice came out to them, fell upon Rob's neck and wept a decorous refunte, then took her hand and said: "Do come up stairs to the poor children, Rob. You have such a way with them, an they are cryin fit to break their little hearts.

"Yes, an take Annie along ter the Jathers," Mrs. Winfold struck in, putting a little, hot hand in Rob's. At the touch of it Rob stooped and kissed the child. Then as the little one nestled to her she lifted the small figure, and, holding it to her breast, followed Alice

ally responded. Then before the next to the bright, airy room that had been the pride of the dead woman's heart. As she set Annie upon the floor Luley gave her a prim greeting, but baby Jinpey checked her wailing and held up her arms.

Foreign News.

"Tell us 'bout de bears an de ba-ad boys, Miss Wob," she whined, toddling to Rob's knee as she sat down in the chair Ca'line drew forward. All children loved Rob. Aside from her bright kindliness she knew and told them the most astonishing variety of nursery tales and rhymes. Very soon the three girls had forgotten everything in a breathless following of the fortunes of Br'er Rabbit and Ole Lady Goose.

"What made Miss Mary Goose believe all Mr. Rabbit's yarns?" Luley asked, drawing a long breath as the story came to an end.

"'Case she wus' er gal, an gals de mos' all de time foolish," a sharp voice said from the door. As Rob started slightly Aunt Phemy came through it and bent at her side, saying quite in her ear:

"Chile, you better had git outer dis." "Yes, I must be going," Rob said, putting Jinney out of her arms. The child began to cry again, but Aunt Phemy hurried Rob away. At the stair foot Mrs. Winfold met them and said with a snivel:

"Come an look at-the remains. Poor Louizy! She's jest as natural as life." Rob shrank a little, but followed her inside the darkened chamber to the pres-



But she leaved him back. ence of something white and still and straight. As they stopped beside it Mrs.

Winfold said with a fresh gush of tears: "See! She's in her weddin dress. She always said she wanted ter be buried in it unless she lived ter see Luley married in her veil. The buryin's ter be at 6 erclock this evenin. An, oh, Rob, woon't a you please bring some of your white tea rose buds ter put in her poor hands an her hair? She wore 'em when she was married, an there ain't a single bloom

on her bushes ner on ours." "I will bring all I have gladly," Rob said low and tremulously as she turned toward the open door. Something beside it caught her eye and filled her with nameless horror. Aunt Phemy stood outside, her hand over her eyes, her face drawn and twitching, her whole bent frame shaken as by a tempest of sobs.

ITO BE CONTINUED.

# I wenty

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book. telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a

good time to send for it. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

CASTORIA